

DECEMBER 18, 1925

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# The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*



## Men and Women of The American Legion Women of The American Legion Auxiliary Members of the Forty and Eight

For the large American Legion family the year just closing has, in many respects, been a notable one. The great humanitarian effort to raise a \$5,000,000 Endowment Fund, the income from which is to be spent for rehabilitation and child welfare, is nearing completion. This fund is The American Legion's Christmas present to our wounded, sick and disabled comrades, their widows and orphans. It represents the devotion, thought, effort and generosity of millions of our citizens—a grand tribute to the disabled of the Great War and a standing challenge to the statement that republics are ungrateful.

Today we are at peace with all the world. The scars of war are gradually being effaced and the stability of our Government is being more and more appreciated by the nations of the earth. In all of this there is cause for rejoicing. We have had a good year, but let us make the next one even better—better for our organization, but, above all, better for our glorious country.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of you.

National Commander.



# SOLDIERS' MAIL



By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

Decorations by Emmett Watson

A FAIRLY extensive experience with rough-and-ready types is mine—but nowhere have I ever met two men more fit to cope resourcefully with any given situation than Dan Daly, late top sergeant of the machine gun company of the Sixth Regiment, U. S. M. C., and his grizzled side-kick, First Sergeant Dinny O'Brien of the headquarters company. Nor was there long to wait, after we first sighted the fair green land of France, before brilliant evidence of their genius was on display. In fact, an early intimation of it was picked out of the air even before the ship had time to dock.

As our transport went slowly zig-zagging into the harbor of St. Nazaire, the restless sharp eyes of Dinny and Dan were taking in everything ashore; meanwhile each man watched the other furtively; and two vigilant spies deputized from the supply company—whose able but young first sergeant knew the prowess of his venerable rivals too well to dare take the risk of overlooking any good bets—kept close by and listened intently for hints of contemplated operations.

The first thing noted as of any importance in the landscape was that the Henry Ford factory had been shipping hundreds of motor cars to France; in a rampart a quarter of a mile or more long they lined the quays, crated in big packing goods boxes.

Said Dinny to Dan: "I hear they're scarce o' firewood in this country."

"I hear the same," Dan Daly assented.

Even in my state of comparative innocence of the ways of leatherneck buccaniers, and suffering as I was with an acute consciousness that I didn't really "belong," I sensed that those boxes were doomed to a higher destiny than that of serving as crates.

Our colonel made a careful tour of inspection of the camp the day we disembarked. He was shocked, he observed, at the conditions he found: "Mud and water on the floors of the huts—troops couldn't be expected to live in such sties like hogs—there ought to be bunks." I have a vague recollection he repeated this in the presence of every top sergeant in the outfit.

Next morning he inspected again. This time every man in the battalion

had a ship-shape though crudely-car-pentered bunk; and when I was sent to town around noon upon some errand connected with the vaguely defined duties of regimental intelligence officer, I beheld hundreds of dismembered flivvers glistening in the drizzling rain. That same evening a stern order was issued by the A. E. F. general in command of the port—though unfortunately it now was a little too late for anything to be done about the matter—that hereafter it would be a hanging affair if any American troops were caught removing the packing goods cases from motor cars on the quays.

In this instance, as in many others, nobody could fix any blame. Certainly no one could gaze upon the placid, weather-beaten countenances of Dan Daly and Dinny O'Brien and suspect them of committing any such offense. Nor at the angelic golden smile of the youthful top sergeant of the supply company, a perfect picture of young innocence triumphant against great odds. No leaves had been granted the previous night for any of the enlisted men or non-coms to be "go'in' ashore," no sentries reported that they had observed any details passing through the lines, no rasp or saw or thud of hammer had disturbed the slumbers of the commissioned officers or had come to the attention of the wakeful officer of the day. This was just one of those miracles that happen sometimes, by night, in France. History records another such when Louis the Magnificent remarked, as he gazed wistfully from the second story of his new palace at Versailles, that the vista from his south bedroom windows would be perfect if only there were a little lake in the foreground. Next morning he looked out—and what do you think, my dears?—there was the little lake of his fancy sparkling joyously in the sunlight.

THE commanding general of the port of St. Nazaire, and other commanding generals along the route of the Marine marches to and from the front, should have been warned after that to redoubled vigilance. Perhaps they were, but found themselves helpless; for the depredations continued. Like devastating locusts, Dinny and Dan, with spies from the supply company ever in

their shadows, "standing heel and toe watches," cruised on through France, pillaging stoves, cots, blankets, harness, tools, pots and pans, firewood, vegetables, lumber, livestock of every description, junk, rags, bottles and old bones—anything that by any possibility some day "might come in handy." When inspector generals from G. H. Q. got wind of these forays and descended vengefully, Dinny and Dan always were warned just in time by grapevine. Into the night would hasten "grave diggin' details," the old sea dogs would bury their bottles and bones, and then promptly dig the junk up again after the inspectors had vanished in baffled wonderment. No troops of Dinny's or Dan's—or of the able young supply company sergeant's—ever knew that distressing pinch of want which so many other outfits of the A. E. F. sometimes felt; especially such outfits as were so unfortunate as to have to move into a neighborhood recently laid waste by our battalion of leatherneck locusts.

I can't believe that our adjutant, Major Frank Evans, an honorable man and one of my own writer craft, whose name signed to short stories in popular fiction magazines may be familiar to many of you, ever could have been a party to such outrages. Yet the major delighted in the deeds and sayings of Dinny and Dan, and it is my clear recollection that he stood near enough to Dan, beside the transport's rail when we were nosing into St. Nazaire harbor, to overhear Sergeant Daly's classic remark about war medals: "I got two of thim gadgets now [Congressional Medals of Honor]. I wonder will be they be pinnin' another on me over here?" By any possibility could the major also have heard Dinny's remark on the Ford crates?

Nor can I conceive that so upright a man as our colonel ever countenanced such doings, for no higher type of the officer and the gentleman ever drew breath, and every other officer in the headquarters mess gladly would have risked death for him—as three or four of them did later, when, while reconnoitering at Belleau Wood, a German



sharpshooter picked him off. Yet he was shrewd, our colonel, devilish shrewd on occasion—even devildoggish shrewd.

Witness the affair of that oil can, missing from the colonel's baggage at the end of a long train ride to the snowy north of France. The colonel raged and fumed helplessly when he first found out about it; then he sat down with his chin in his hands and mused. At the end of these deliberations he sent for First Sergeant Daniel Daly of the machine gun company.

"Dan Daly, you damned old reprobate, what the devil do you mean by stealing my oil can?"

Dan faltered at the suddenness of the onslaught and was lost.

"I'm sorry, colonel. Didn't know it was yours."

"The hell you didn't! It had my name painted on it."

The can was fetched in evidence; it bore no trace of paint; yet I could have sworn it once did.

ALL this while, as has been hinted before, our regimental intelligence officer never felt that he quite "belonged," and was keenly unhappy about it. He came of Puritan ancestry, stern, God-fearing, honest folk from the granite hills of Vermont; and into middle age he had conducted himself, except for a few short lapses, with undefiled respectability. Even his appearance was against him in currying favor among these hard-boiled buccaneers; his stern, bespectacled face was that of a backwoods parson; and he knew only too well that the men thought him a rank outsider. That was reflected clearly enough in the behavior toward him of the two great leaders of public opinion in the battalion, Dinny and Dan, who dutifully saluted his second lieutenant's bars, but

showed no slightest token of feeling toward the wearer, any real respect or sympathy. The lieutenant, meanwhile, could think of nothing to do to command their respect. But he waited patiently and ea-

gerly, and at last, unbidden, came the knock of Opportunity.

One day, in a billet town just beyond hearing of the rumbles of big guns along the front, the colonel sent for him. Troubled was the colonel's face; no mail had arrived for the outfit for five weeks, though Christmas was past. The colonel expressed his deep indignation at such mismanagement; at French red tape, at American lack of efficiency and initiative. Something ought to be done about it.

"You are regimental intelligence officer of this outfit, and it's your job to find that mail. Get it quick, or—"

The despondent second lieutenant with the face of a hard-shell parson leaped at this chance. It was something really in his line, moreover; once he had been a police reporter, and in that rôle he had prided himself particularly upon his acumen as a detective.

In this new "case" the first obstacle in his way was that the telephone service of France is, to state it conservatively, not quite one hundred percent efficient. For the enlightenment of those who never have had occasion to use this service we might say that even a local call in such great population centers as Paris or Marseilles or Bordeaux often consumes more time than a brisk walker would require to reach the house he wishes to talk with. The long distance service is worse in mathematical proportion to the square of the distance.

The second obstacle the lieutenant had to get past was the formidable barrier of rank; he, with naught but a pair of new gold bars on his shoulders, would have to deal in his contemplated long-distance colloquies with no one under the rank of a major.

He got around the worst torture of Difficulty Number One by the same device which General Grant once suggested, when as a cadet in West Point the question was put to him of how to erect a tall flag pole. "I would call a sergeant," the inspired cadet answered, "and order him, 'Sergeant, erect that pole.'" A signal section sergeant and an interpreter did the necessary preliminary plugging in and parleyvooving up to the point where someone of rank and authority was held hellingo at the other end of the wire. Thereupon the lieutenant would take up the receiver and the mouthpiece and in stern tones declare that he was

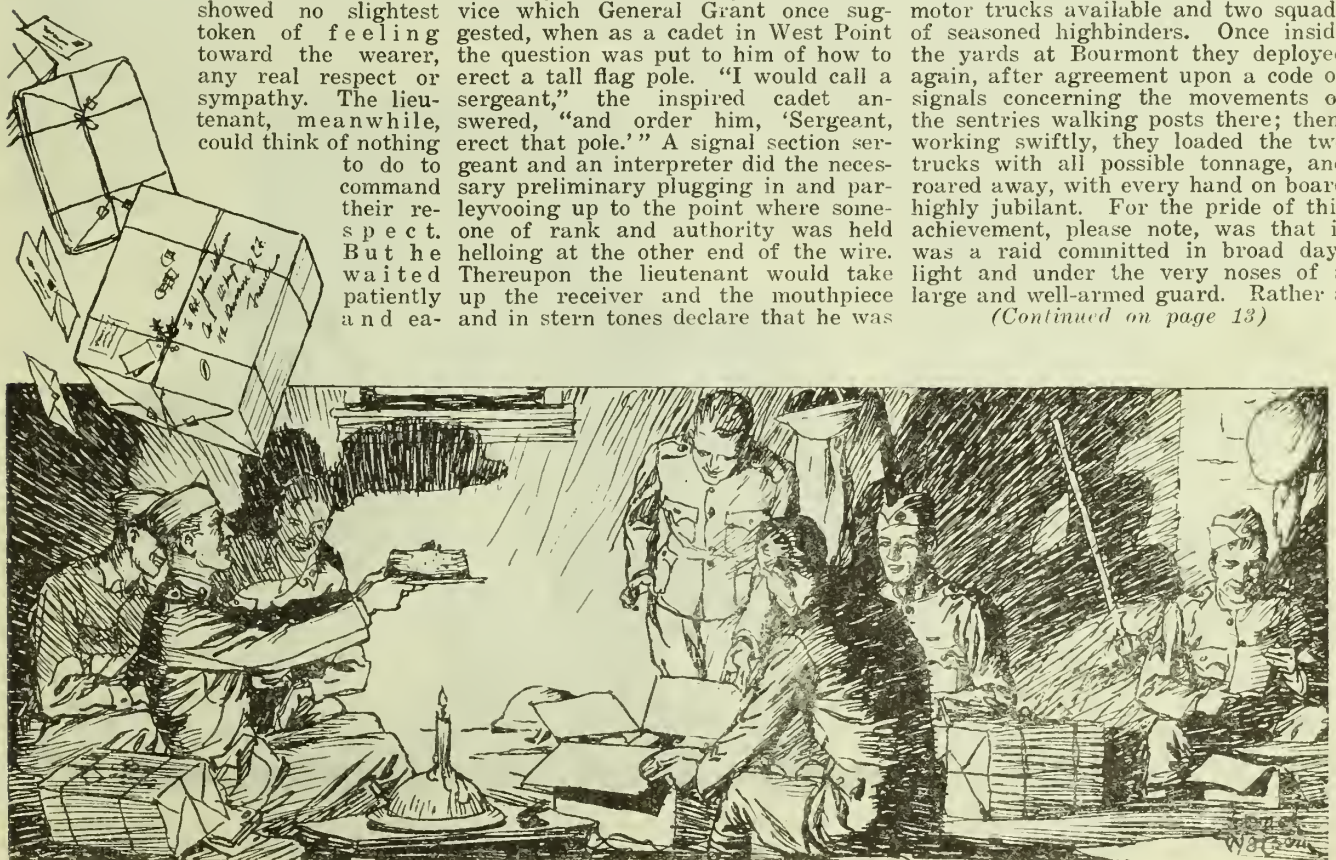
"speaking for"—this really was an inspiration!—"the general in command of the Marine Brigade." Thus for two days he bluffed and accused right and left all over that section of France, taking particular relish in bawling out majors, lieutenant colonels and wearers of silver eagles.

And by this rough-and-ready method, at last, he found the guilty party. The free use of the rank of general quite unnerved this major, postal chief in a town which was, as I recall it, named Bourmont. The major, speaking most apologetically, confessed that the mail was all at Bourmont, but, unhappily, it could not be delivered for some time because of French red tape; he dared not break the seals of the boxcars in which it was lying in freight yards near the town, for no release orders had yet come through, either from the American G. H. Q. or the Grand Quartier Général of the Army of the République Française.

Instantly the lieutenant began to radiate sparks of electric activity. He requisitioned the colonel's limousine; sped in it with a corporal and two privates to Bourmont. Sentries beholding the rank indicated by the limousine's wind-shield tag saluted respectfully and passed him into the railway yards. Working under cover of the lee side of the boxcars, the detachment deployed and broke sacred seals right and left to ransack all the cargoes. They found their first class mail in the cars; their second class packages upon the floors of adjacent sheds, some of it blotting up puddles of rain water—and at this sight they boiled with righteous indignation and were of a mood to commit any conceivable crime of violence.

BACK to Billetville the detail sped, returning then with the two largest motor trucks available and two squads of seasoned highbinders. Once inside the yards at Bourmont they deployed again, after agreement upon a code of signals concerning the movements of the sentries walking posts there; then, working swiftly, they loaded the two trucks with all possible tonnage, and roared away, with every hand on board highly jubilant. For the pride of this achievement, please note, was that it was a raid committed in broad daylight and under the very noses of a large and well-armed guard. Rather a

(Continued on page 13)







Today the gamblers and sure-thing men are busy around the fight clubs

# What's the Matter with Boxing?

By WILL MURPHY

Cartoons by  
Grant Powers

**B**OO-O-O-OHH!  
Does that strident roar herald the passing of the padded glove? Certain happenings of this dying year give one cause to wonder.

The fight business, the old hands admit, has always had its ups and downs, and now maybe it is about due for one of its periodical downs. This is a curious state of mind for such hard-headed people—and there are no harder heads in the world than those owned by the canny persons who sock not, nor are they socked, but who collect just the same. They are the managers, the promoters, the matchmakers and the hundreds of lesser hangers-on of fistiana. Nobody ever accused these folk of being prophets of gloom, and when their heads shake it means a cold winter.

As far as statistics will show, professional boxing, the same sport that used to be called prize-fighting, is today riding on the crest of the highest wave of prosperity it has ever known. All should be well, but it isn't.

To explain why demands a few backward glances at the years when the foundations were being laid for the present creaking structure that is the boxing game. Up to the World War boxing in the United States had existed mainly on the sufferance of complaisant local officials. Here and there, particularly in New York and California, the game had been legalized for varying periods, but always a certain recurring rottenness had killed it.

"I always like to see a good scrap," the average red-blooded citizen would say, but he was never sorry when the forces of reform drove the boxers and their trailers into hiding.

To say that the game was in bad odor is giving it all the best of the breaks.

Then the World War. Overnight thousands of sets of boxing gloves were busy in hundreds of army camps and naval stations. Many a man learned for the first time that here was a clean sport—exciting, body-building, back-

bone-stiffening. Without any doubt the sport of boxing—not the business—reached its zenith for all time when this country had four million men in uniform.

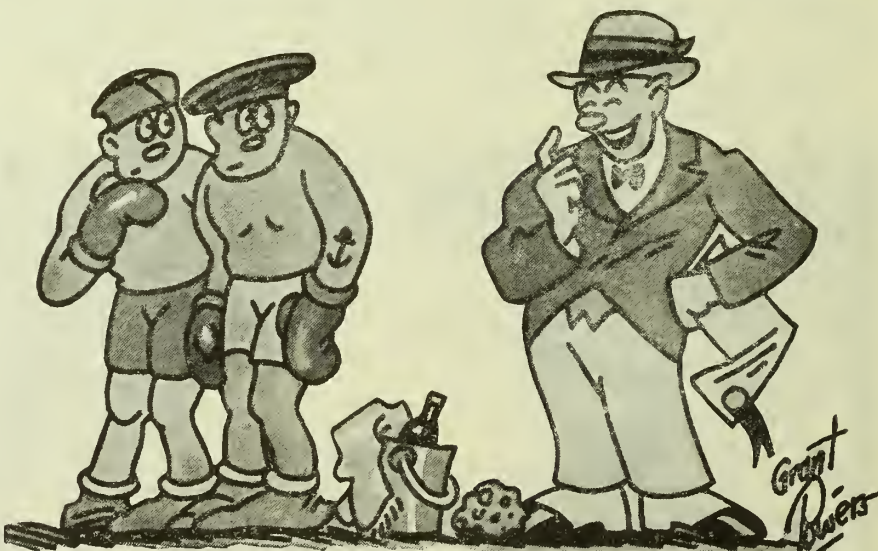
Commanding officers saw and approved. Boxing kept the boys out of mischief, made them better soldiers. Professional boxers were engaged to teach the technique of the straight left and right cross. Some of the pros were already in the ranks. They were made sergeants and given jobs as boxing instructors, which was eminently proper. As an erstwhile earnest and successful searcher for a soft detail, this writer tosses no brickbats.

Other professionals were prevailed upon to appear at camps in rare and curious uniforms, which most of them wore with an ill grace. The boys were never quite sure whether these eminent pugs were in the Army or not. Maybe they helped win the war, too.

The boxing business had more or less hand-to-mouth existence while the shooting was in progress in France. But the activity of thousands of unskilled but willing soldier and sailor boxers had amazingly widened the field of interest in pugilism. It didn't take the promoters long after Armistice Day to find this out.

Down came the old game from the barn lofts, up from the barges and forth from the alleys. Lawmakers caught the murmur of popular demand and changed the statutes, creating commissions to run the sport. Charity benefit shows, in clean, orderly surroundings and under the most elite social patronage, raised the tone of the thing. Even women began going to the fights. The most soiled of the professional sports had become respectable.

The war record of the heavyweight champion, Dempsey — perhaps one



The activity of thousands of unskilled but willing soldier and sailor boxers widened the field—it didn't take promoters long to find this out



should say his lack of a war record—stood out as one obstacle, but the running tide of public interest swallowed even that. Enough of the lads with flattened noses and swollen ears had been in the service, and enough money had been raised for war causes at boxing benefits, to turn the edge of most criticism on patriotic grounds. Moreover, youngsters who had first donned the gloves in the camps were constantly finding the ring an easy path to fortune.

So the fight business became—to its own extensive profit—heir to the fair renown earned by the uniformed glove-swingers who swatted each other for the love of it and the honor and glory of A Company, Hundred and Umph Infantry.

The high point of national excitement over boxing was reached when Dempsey and Georges Carpentier met at Jersey City on July 2, 1921. The gate receipts of \$1,625,580 and the attendance of around 91,000 on that afternoon have not yet been surpassed, nor is it likely that they will be soon.

But the pickings for the run of boxers have become better. Today there are scores of fighters who know what it is to make \$50,000 a year. The game flourishes in all corners of the land. The banker speaks to the fight promoter when they pass on the street, for the latter has a steady-going business, or so the banker concludes after a look at the promoter's deposits.

From the standpoint of the fan it is no poor man's amusement. Plenty of fight clubs make money on as low an admission fee as a dollar, and some let the boys into the gallery for fifty cents. But when champions or near-champions are in the ring the lowest ante for a seat is around two dollars, with as much as fifteen or twenty-five for a parking place at the ringside.

Boxing has picked New York for its capital, whether because the metropolis has a deeper appreciation of the finer points or because it has more suckers this writer will not attempt to decide. You can write your own ticket on that one.

And it is in New York that the in-born larcenous tendencies of the padded glove industry are shown to perfection. The same conditions, in varying degrees, obtain throughout the country. Boxing is boxing wherever you find it.

Today the gamblers and sure-thing men are busy around the fight clubs. The rumors of jobbery fly thicker than autumn leaves. There is smoke enough for a three-alarm blaze.

Old-fashioned, downright faking is comparatively rare. The dive is seldom seen—"dive" meaning the

abrupt plunge of a gladiator to the canvas to rest there while the referee counts ten and the well-informed backers of the other man collect their copper-riveted bets.

No, this rough work has been supplanted by finer stuff. The modern banditti have vastly improved on the crude technique of an earlier day.

A boxer controlled by a gambling ring will, for instance, be sent along through a series of well-selected matches—built up, as the wise ones say. Then a match with the champion is arranged. Kid Builtup, on the strength of his record and his demonstrated ability, seems to have an excellent chance, and so the odds against him are no longer than two to one, or even less.

But Kid Builtup's gang send in the family silverware on the champion, taking good care that their young contender answers the bell in no really fit condition to fight. "Making the weight weakened him" is a handy alibi in such cases. The contender is trounced and perhaps knocked out, and again.

certain canny citizens have cleaned up. This was, in essence, the scheme successfully worked through a certain championship fight in New York during the last outdoor season. Whether either of the fighters was involved is beside the point. They did not necessarily have to be in on the steal.

Against such forms of conniving the commissioners of boxing are apparently powerless. High-minded gentry as a class, these commissioners, who seem to operate on the theory that you can do nothing until a wrong has been committed, and then you can't prove it.

For another instance, there was the Fuente case. Here was a mediocre heavyweight, who was taken in hand by one of the astute gentry who flourish on the fringes of boxing. His name was changed from Kid

Shine to Tony Fuente, and he was proclaimed as the Mexican champion. A foreign scrapper, through some strange quirk of the fan's mind, always attracts more attention at first than an American.

Boxing was having a revival in California last winter and the stage was set. In bouts on the coast, Fuente scored victory after victory, until he was seriously mentioned as a contender for the title.

The precious Tony was all set to break into what is affectionately referred to as "the big money." But in arranging one of Mr. Fuente's victories the work was put on a bit too roughly. The victim in question was the much-flattened Fred Fulton. There was a lack of verisimilitude in Mr. Fulton's dive. The boys agreed that this was old stuff and not suited to the present advanced state of boxing.

There was a formal investigation. This one told on that one to save this one's skin. It

was made fairly plain that Mr. Fuente had not beaten many people—least of all Mr. Fulton—on the merits of Mr. Fuente. The Mexican champion, it appeared, was not on the up and up. His return to private life dates from about that time.

Here was a gay swindle quite in the tradition of the boxing business. That it failed of complete success is the only remarkable feature. The thing has been done before and is quite possibly being done or planned again right now.

But burglarious feats such as the foregoing are not the main counts against boxing today. A neater, more subtle brand of piracy is more widely practised. It has to do with the naming of the winner.

The rendering of unfair decisions is what brings the customer to his feet with that resounding "Boo-o-o-oh!" And constantly the queer decisions are followed by a flurry of reports of huge gambling cleanups.

"It was in the bag," say the wise ones, time after time.

Now the boxing fan is a patient mortal. He will stand for a heap. But it is open to question that he will much longer continue to support exhibitions which he knows are not fair, stand-up boxing matches, such as the rules of the revered Marquis of Queensberry provide.

This doubt of the fan's staying qualities found support from an unexpected quarter when Tex Rickard, without question the foremost promoter of boxing, advocated that decisions in New York be done away with for a time. Rickard has heard the constant pro-

(Continued on page 16)





# A WREATH of POISON IVY

By A POST  
COMMANDER

**B**ACK in 1919 and 1920, this was a first-rate post. You remember how eager everybody was to show the right spirit in those days just after we had turned in our equipment and come home to work for a living. The service men of our town had a lot of what the agitators call class-consciousness. Everybody just out of uniform wanted to tie up with the rest of the gang. So the Legion post had a big membership.

The leaders were on the job, too. They directed all of this membership and energy into the right channels, and the post not only won a place for itself as a community asset but also was in fine financial condition. Anything the post undertook just naturally made money. Everybody in town was strong for it, and bought tickets or did whatever the post asked every time it asked.

I didn't live here then. I have lived here only a couple of years now. But I had been visiting the town pretty frequently all of the time before I moved here, and since I lived in a larger city not far distant, I was posted on just what was going on. Being active in my own post and in department affairs, I had a considerable acquaintance with the Legionnaires of the town to which I subsequently moved.

But, almost over night it seemed to me, or at least between two of my visits which were only a couple of months apart, the post skidded. First it lost money on a couple of entertainments; I'll tell a little more about that further along, at the proper place. Then the membership slipped at the turn of the year. Nowhere near the right proportion of the old members paid their dues. And one evening when I found myself in town with no business on for the evening, I went over to a post meeting.

It was a shock. "All, all were gone, the old familiar faces." No longer, quite plainly, were the men still active who had been the backbone of the post. I knew that things had not been going along in the way that suited some of the more substantial and conservative men in the post. But I hadn't expected to find them all missing on a regular post meeting night.

After that I didn't go over to any more of their meetings. I had attended whenever I could in this town because I liked the fellows, liked the post, and enjoyed the meetings. When they ceased to be enjoyable I dropped them off my list and went to the movies in preference. You'd do the same thing, too, if you found yourself in the same situation.

For everyone in town to whom I mentioned the Legion after that last meeting I went to ran the post down at every opportunity. It wasn't accomplishing what it ought to; it no longer had the right sort of men as its officers, and a good many of the best men eligible had dropped out of membership; it owed money to an awful lot of people who had sold it goods for some entertainment or meeting and had never seen a nickel. It was in a mess.

But I didn't know what it was all about, in detail, until after I moved to

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*D*ON'T use my name," said the author of this story, "because on reading over what I've written it sounds like blowing my own horn." So the Weekly is respecting his wishes in passing on this account of the resuscitation of a Legion post that had grown very, very sick through a complication of diseases. Perhaps your own post is suffering from some of the same ailments. Perhaps there's nothing the matter with your post at all, in which case read this post commander's recital of his experiences just the same and see what you've escaped—and want to keep on escaping.

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town. As soon as I had the stair carpet laid and had burned up the newspapers and excelsior that had been wrapped around the furniture I went around to the post meeting and paid my dues for the coming year. The meeting was an eye-opener. Beside it, the earlier meeting which had lost my interest was a humdinger. There was just a handful of members, many of the officers were not present. One man who had been very active in the post a couple of years before, but who was now simply attending meetings and trying to figure out a way to remedy the post's ills, told me that the post commander had missed about a third of the meetings during his term. The vice-commander seldom attended. The adjutant came when he felt like it, which wasn't any too often. And if it hadn't been for the post's finance officer, who was a conscientious worker and a loyal Legionnaire, there would have been no one rating higher than a committee chairman to preside over one or two of the meetings during the past few months.

**A** COUPLE of days later I was invited to attend a small meeting composed of the few voyageurs of the Forty and Eight in our town. Even the voiture had almost given up the ghost. The best men in it had found things so unpleasant in the post that many of them had not paid their Legion dues. Hence the voiture was on its uppers, too.

But there were a few loyal boxcar adherents left, even if they hadn't managed to accomplish anything for a couple of years. I hadn't transferred my Forty and Eight membership to this voiture yet, but I was invited to sit in as an active Legionnaire and voy-

ageur who had a pretty good record in the town he had come from.

One of the men in that meeting had been a friend of mine for years. Right after the war we had worked together in the same office, and had done some Legion work as teammates. The meeting had been called to see if the voyageurs could figure out some way to get the post back on its feet. And the particular occasion for hope was that the commander had moved out of town to a new job he had been offered, so the post was to get a new commander. The vice-commander had refused to take the job, for he saw that it would require a whole lot more attention and time than he was prepared to give it. Nobody likes to take the responsibility for an outfit that is just about down and out.

In the course of our little meeting, someone suggested that the only way the post would ever get going again would be by electing a commander who had had no active place in the post before—someone who had never had a chance to get lined up with one faction or another. Then the rest of them endorsed the idea, and my old side-kick suggested that I was the very man for the place.

You can imagine how that struck me. Here I was, new in town and used to working in a really good post, suddenly suggested as eligible to receive a wreath of poison ivy in the form of becoming commander of the dying post. My objections must have been heard at least two blocks away.

But the more I objected, the more it seemed to strike everybody that I was just the fellow to take the job. If I had known then as much as I knew a little later about the condition of that post I doubt if I wouldn't have moved out of town rather than listen to them. But as it was, I finally agreed that I would accept the nomination and, if elected, work for the good of the post.

But I would do it on only one condition. The members of the Forty and Eight assembled there would have to agree to stand right with me every minute of my term and back me up in any steps which seemed for the good of the post. I think I made it clear that I didn't crave the job. I was simply willing to be the goat, if the conditions were such that a newcomer would be more likely to make the service men of the town pull together again in the right way.

Certainly nobody else in the post wanted the job. So I was hastily elected when my name was offered at the next meeting of the outfit. I've always thought that this was a marker of how low the morale of the post was, that they were willing to elect an outsider to the highest job in the post—an outsider of whom most of the men present knew little or nothing, and who for all they knew might be altogether bad for the job.

The first trouble that cropped up after I took the chair was the statement that we were in wrong with department headquarters. It seemed that some of the previous officers, in a mis-

(Continued on page 14)



# Because He Wouldn't Quit

By CARL HELM

**T**HIS is the story of Johnnie King, First Division veteran, who rose from cowboy to artist. Really from automobile mechanic to artist, to make it stronger. Cowboys and artists seem to have some link in common that auto mechanics and artists don't.

Johnnie King was wounded three times, serving with that battalion of the Eighteenth Infantry that was commanded by the then Major Alvin M. Owsley, former National Commander of the Legion. He spent twenty-one months in hospitals, thirteen of them on his back. He was operated on eleven times. He came out of it a cripple for life. His rise shows what a fellow can do if he sticks to it and won't say die.

Johnnie is twenty-seven years old, and some day will be famous. He was born in a small town in Texas, not far from Houston. His schooling was irregular and meager. His father was some kind of a traveling organizer, and about the time the family got settled in one place, they'd have to up and move so papa could travel and organize some more.

Johnnie got tired of that, even at the early age of fifteen. He had five uncles, and each of them had a big cattle ranch. He decided to become a cowboy—he had plenty of cows to practice on. Along about the time the Kaiser was rolling his armies through Belgium, Johnnie went with his family to Shreveport, Louisiana, and became an auto mechanic. And then, on the day the United States declared war, April 6, 1917, Johnnie joined up as an infantryman.

From then on until September, 1917, he was bounced from pillar to post, trying to find out where the heck this war was, anyway. Then he was sent across with a provisional company of the Eighteenth Infantry. He joined that outfit just as it got back from the Luneville Sector, with the first taste of mud in its mouth.

This cannot be a story of Johnnie King's war record. He expressly forbids it, though goodness knows why he should. He came through the first raid the Germans made on the Eighteenth without a trace. But the war hadn't even begun. At Cantigny a machine gun bullet got him in the right leg, near the ankle. Four days later he was back on the front. On the Somme



Johnnie King was wounded three times in the right leg and underwent eleven operations before he was discharged from the hospital. He took vocational training as an artist and got a job as cartoonist on a San Francisco newspaper. He's making good now as a free lance in his chosen profession

another machine gun bullet got him, also in the right leg, this time near the thigh.

That second wound on the right leg wasn't much, said Johnnie. But in the advance on Soissons they got him again—right back in the good old right leg! This time for keeps. Johnnie's fighting days were over, except for those he was to spend on operating tables.

Thirteen months he was flat on his back. No one but Johnnie King thought he would live, but Johnnie called on all his Texas forebears and swore he would live. It was in the hospital at Atlanta, between intervals of the eleven operations that he underwent, that he began to draw. Just horses and dogs and rings and rolls, just as you and I draw while waiting in the telephone booth for a number. It was crude, but it beat working on beads and baskets, and tatting pillow tops, which the rest of the boys were trying to do.

Anyway, he was discharged from the Atlanta Hospital on April 23, 1920, a shell of a Texas cowboy, but with the ambition to become an artist still burning within him. His right leg had almost wasted away. He limped terribly. He weighed but 85 pounds. But the very day he was discharged he be-

gan to become an artist, and applied for training from the Veterans' Bureau. For several months he attended the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. Then he was transferred to Denver, and later to Colorado Springs.

The young Texan got married while going to school, and still undaunted, he left with his bride and struck out for his fame and his fortune. He went straight to San Francisco, goal of all Western artists, and landed with his fate in his ten little fingers. It was pure nerve trying to land something in San Francisco, because there are any number of capable artists there. After some time of limping over San Francisco's hills, a book of precious drawings under his arm, he finally convinced the art director of the San Francisco Chronicle that he really could draw. He got the job. For two years he stayed on that newspaper, doing the simple stuff first, and then the very much harder. He has drawn a sample of his work to illustrate his story. It is termed an "art lay-out" in the newspaper game.

After two years he felt he had reached the top rung, as far as newspaper art could afford him. Without hesitation he left the good fat salary, and launched out to free lance. And despite the hard row he has had to hoe he is making good.



# EDITORIAL

*FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.*

## Getting Under Way

It should be encouraging to every Legionnaire to note the rising tide of interest in The American Legion's effort to bring about legislation which will promote peace by means of a rational preparedness for national defense which, in time of war, seeks to guarantee a united effort against the common enemy that would be without slackers and without profiteers. The Legion's long campaign, which assumed definite shape more than four years ago, is beginning to take hold with the public. This is a real achievement, when one considers that we have been dealing with a very broad subject, and one difficult to reduce accurately to ready terms which would make the busiest public on earth stop, look and listen.

But fortunately this busy American public is an organized public. It is through the various organizations into which that public has segregated itself that the fermentations of interest in this legislation are spreading. It is natural that the particular organizations which are most directly affected have given it their notice in such a way as to help to call it to the attention of the great body of citizens who fancy themselves only indirectly concerned. The foremost organizations which are spreading the word about the Universal Control Bill are the War Department, and a few unofficial bodies particularly interested in the military aspect of preparedness; and the organizations of union labor, and of industry or capital, which are interested chiefly in the industrial aspect of preparedness.

These important groups have come to the assistance of The American Legion, the original sponsor of this effort for the control of labor and capital as well as of manpower in time of war, which after much study and consideration has been reduced to the form of a proposed legislative act. The situation is a striking indication of the advantage the Legion derives from its all-inclusive character. In the Legion are high officials of the Army and of the War Department; many thousands of members of organized labor, and prominent personalities in business and industry whom an economist would class as capitalists. No other organization is so all-embracing. In every organization which is taking an interest in this legislation, or will take an interest in it when the present activity is increased a hundred fold, are members of the Legion with voice and vote in Legion councils. This tie-up is the main source of the Legion's strength and of its possibilities of service to the country.

While the interest of these organizations has been immeasurably helpful on the whole, there have been incidental drawbacks caused by a misunderstanding of details of the legislation the Legion advocates. In a sense it has been unjust to refer to the measure in question as the Universal Draft Bill, which was the name by which in the beginning it was most generally known. At the same time, however, the Weekly itself has repeatedly explained that no literal draft of capital or of labor for providing munitions and other sinews of war was intended, but only a rigid control of these elements with the object of eliminating profiteering. Nevertheless there has been a misinterpretation in some quarters, and in order to avoid further likelihood of misunderstanding, the Weekly henceforth will refer to this measure as the Universal Control Bill.

But, this question of names aside, here is the bill. Any and all are urged to read it and see for themselves what it

calls for. It is short and concise. The language is plain and understandable:

An Act to Provide Further for the National Security and Defense. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled

(1) That, in the event of a national emergency declared by Congress to exist, which in the judgment of the President demands the immediate increase of the military establishment, the President be, and he hereby is, authorized to draft into the service of the United States such members of the unorganized militia as he may deem necessary; provided that all persons drafted into service between the ages of twenty-one and thirty or such other limit as the President may fix shall be drafted without exemption on account of industrial occupation.

(2) That in case of war or when the President shall judge the same to be imminent, he is authorized and it shall be his duty when, in his opinion, such emergency requires it

(a) To determine and proclaim the material resources, industrial organizations and services over which Government control is necessary to the successful termination of such emergency, and such control shall be exercised by him through agencies then existing or which he may create for such purposes;

(b) To take such steps as may be necessary to stabilize prices of services and of all commodities declared to be essential, whether such services and commodities are required by the Government or by the civilian population.

That is the Universal Control Bill the Legion supports. To answer one specific inquiry which has been raised, it does not support any bill which contains the word "conscription" as applied to "material resources, industrial organizations or services." The slightest competent research should suffice to demonstrate the folly of such a course. Conscription of labor or of capital would not only be a physical impossibility to execute, but an attempt would breed more injustices, and probably result in more flagrant profiteering, than we found during the World War, which presented a condition of affairs this legislation is aimed to correct.

Examine the bill. It empowers Congress to authorize the President to draft men after war has been declared. This draft abolishes the industrial exemption haven for young men.

It empowers the President, either after war is declared by Congress, or when the President deems war to be imminent, to so control needful "material resources, industrial organizations and services"—meaning capital and labor—and to fix the prices of needful commodities as will protect both the Government and the civil population.

The President is empowered to do these things before an actual declaration of war, because that is the critical time. It is when everyone knows war is certain, in those five or six weeks of peace in name only before Congress completes the formulas of making a formal declaration of hostilities, that the prospective profiteer and price-booster lays the foundations for his golden harvest. This bill gives the President, and the President only, power to nip that in the bud.

That is the Legion's bill. It is the product of four years of careful study. The Legion does not insist, and never has insisted, that the bill is the best piece of legislation that could be framed on this subject. But the Legion does claim that it represents a good start. Let the public understand this measure. Let Congress consider it, and start it through the mill of committee hearings. Then the right bill, whatever it may be, will evolve. That is the history of all great pieces of legislation.

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The fellow who says he doesn't care for any white meat, thank you, was probably brought up in a large family.

✱ ✱ ✱

Official confirmation is unobtainable of a widely-heralded report that a pedestrian in an Eastern city tore a letter into shreds and threw the shreds into a sidewalk rubbish receptacle.



# A PERSONAL PAGE

## by Frederick Palmer

One hundred thousand—not dollars, but the number of visits paid to the families of needy veterans by members of The American Legion Auxiliary in one year! Of these men 3,955 were helped to a total cost of \$388,755. Personal attention by those who know. Take five minutes to think over what these figures mean and write the rest of this paragraph yourself. It is an argument for a larger Legion as well as a larger Auxiliary.

### Figures That Thrill—

There are eleven thousand murders annually in the United States. The number of murders per one hundred thousand population in the United States is 8.4. In Great Britain it is 0.6, or one-fourteenth of our rate. In the Province of Ontario, Canada, it is one-fifth of ours and in Japan it is one-eleventh. Legal processes have given Gerald Chapman another reprieve. Ma Ferguson has issued 1,231 pardons since she became governor of Texas. Take another five minutes to think on these facts.

### —And Figures That Hurt

Let us understand the financial muddle in which the French find themselves. Before the war France had the largest internal debt of any nation. Through the war she kept on issuing bonds. After the war she paid off interest on her internal bonds by issuing more bonds and printing more paper francs. Thus she kept on compounding trouble for a future crisis.

The more paper the cheaper the franc. Today the franc is worth one-fifth of par. The Frenchman who sells a home bond, the counterpart of our Liberty bonds, gets one-fifth of its face value in gold; that is, one-fifth of its buying power in anything from real estate to potatoes that he would get if it were at par.

Inflation and borrowing of this kind must lead to bankruptcy for a nation as surely as for an individual. The amount that the French owe abroad, including the debt to the United States, is small compared to the internal debt. The French owe the internal debt to themselves.

As a people they are not bankrupt. Their thrift—and every soldier who was in France knows how strong that is—has overstepped itself. They have been trying to lift themselves by their bootstraps. They will not pay taxes to meet bond interest and government expenses. But they have subscribed to bonds, which have cost them all the way from four-fifths to one-fifth of par, in the expectation that one day the bonds would be worth par in gold.

It does not occur to Americans to hoard gold and silver. In the East we refuse silver dollars and take paper ones at the cashier's window. We have faith in our paper. To us it is as good as gold. Every Frenchman hoards. Gold and silver and even copper coins are hidden in bureau drawers, cellars, garrets and stockings. Every house from the peasant's and laborer's to the millionaire's is a private treasury. The French lack faith in their pieces of paper.

Meanwhile, "poor France" is a false cry. For the last four years France has averaged only ten thousand unemployed. The British and American armies left large sums

in France. The value of French exports balances French imports—so, no loss of gold there.

All that the world's tourists spend in France and all the living costs of the multitude of rich foreign residents in France are, therefore, so much velvet. Bankers estimate the amount from three hundred and fifty to five hundred million dollars a year. Is French thrift equal to having its cake and eating it, too? Can individuals hoard gold and also make the pieces of paper as good as gold?

Or will inflation continue until the franc descends to nominal value and takes the home bonds with it? Germany had to toss her inflated currency and her internal bonds into the ash barrel and start with a new medium in which the people had faith. France, too, must have a medium which is dependable. When she has, and the hoarded metal comes forth, the amount in possession of this industrious people will be staggering.

My paragraph on "Too Much 'Pa' in Ferguson" had only gone to press when the reporters, rushing to Texas,

### "Pa" Admits "Ma" Is "We"

had it from Husband Jim that "we" are the Governor. That points my suggestion that we may be able to know what kind of a governor of a big State a woman will make only when she is a spinster or a widow. However, we do not know what kind of a governor some men governors would make if they had no wives. And there is Mrs. Governor Ross of Wyoming, who is very quiet, still on trial.

Students of the College of the City of New York have voted 2,092 to 345 against military drill. That shows that this particular lot of young "Don't-Want-To's" men particularly need drill. It was a "don't-want-to" vote of youths who did not want the instruction that means solidarity, physical form and discipline. I refer to them a letter which I have just received from a member of the crew of the *Lenape* from which passengers were so skillfully and coolly and gallantly rescued while she was burning at sea. As a seaman in the Navy the writer had in the war the same kind of training at which the "don't-want-to's" scoff. As a result of that training he says, "I dressed and reported to the first officer I could find, took my orders and carried them out. I knew what to do. I know that I helped. And but for that training," he adds, "I would have been one who needed help." He asks that his name, which he gives as proof of good faith, be withheld, with that of his Legion post.

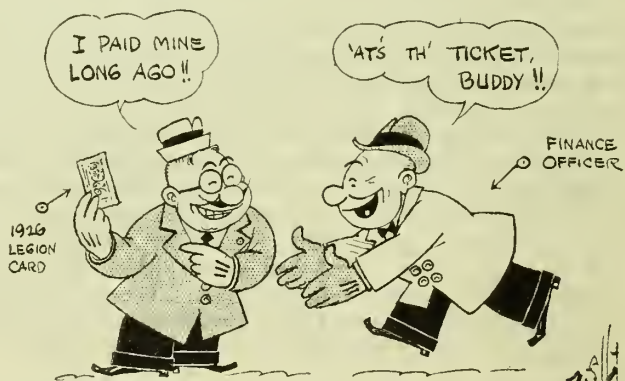
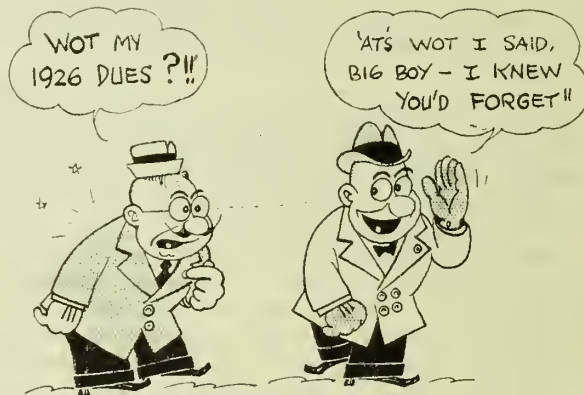
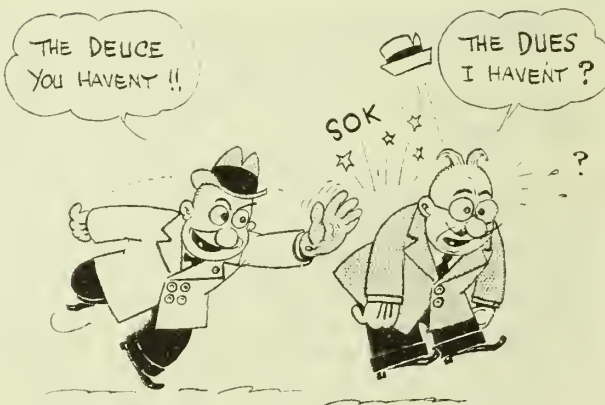
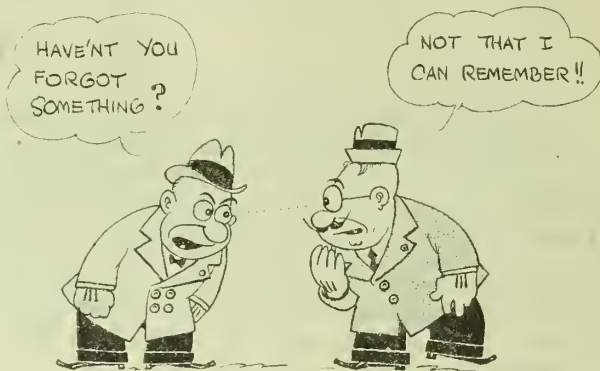
These young fellows who leap before they look! According to the Kansas City *Star*, Uncle Bela Hughes, aged seventy-nine, who was married only last July, is out for a divorce from his wife Suda, who is fifty-nine. He has given her \$500 cash, two dozen chickens and some canned fruit for reparation. The trouble was that she wanted him "too clean and dressed up." Henceforth, although he may have to eat a dinner of cold potatoes or beans, he will be a free man who can sleep in his overalls and need not wipe his feet. In common with the younger generation, Uncle Bela is all for "self-expression."

### As Unclean As He Likes



# The Deuce to Pay

By Wallgren



25/4-25



## Soldiers' Mail

(Continued from page 5)

thrilling piece of banditry, too, for a middle-aged parson-faced lieutenant to be engaged in.

But at last he was safely back, no worse for the experience except for a few more gray hairs; and the two high-piled trucks came chugging up Billetville's main street and dropped anchor in the village square just as the colonel was stepping out of his headquarters office.

"Stand by, men. Don't unload a sack of this till I give you the word." The lieutenant slid down; and as his heels hit the deck his heart began to fail him. True, this deed was committed in the holy name of *morale*—Christmas mail and all the joy it surely must bring—cheering letters with crosses for kisses, plenteous chocolate bars and cans of tobacco, novels and home-town newspapers and snapshots of Susie in the orchard. All done, too, in the noble cause of foiling the red tape which every real American detests so heartily. . . . On the other hand, the detail had broken the sacred seals of the République Française and had flouted the strict orders of our own postal authorities. . . . Perhaps it might be possible to pass the buck upward to the Skipper?

"Sir," the lieutenant saluted, "we have the Sixth Regiment's mail here—all of it, and some for the Fifth. But unfortunately we had to break some seals and—er—steal it. A little irregular, sir; so I ask the colonel's permission before we start to unload it."

Apparently, the Skipper had not heard.

Hopefully, the lieutenant repeated.

Was that a faint glimmer of a smile lurking around the wrinkles of sea tan and sun glare? The lieutenant took it as such, saluted, wheeled and shouted to the detail:

"Come on, men! Let's go! Over the side with those sacks!"

After a somewhat restless night, the lieutenant encountered his commander again the following day. The colonel glowered sternly at first—then—yes, it *must* be true this time!—relented into a really discernible flicker of a smile.

"Probably no steps toward a court martial against you, in that matter of the mail, will be taken immediately," he soothed. "I don't intend to start anything myself—for the present, at least. And I hear General Doyen isn't disposed to prosecute, either. Seems he got some letters also in that batch." And, so saying, the Skipper shoved off.

Sweet words, those. But even sweeter was the sequel. A few moments later, with rolling sea gait, down the dusty road bore Dinny and Dan, great arbiters of public opinion, mentors of all that mattered most in the battalion's inner life. Amazing to relate, they halted and clicked to attention before the Parson before they saluted.

"Top o' the mornin' to you, lieutenant," said Dinny.

"Fine weather we're havin', sir," said Dan.

And then, at last, the forlorn lieutenant rejoiced; his stooped shoulders straightened and his heart beat double time; for this was official recognition that he rightfully "belonged" among real buccaneers.



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Everybody is helped —  
everybody should help!

**T**UBERCULOSIS in this country is a threat against your health and that of your family. There are more than a million cases in this country today.

The germs from a single case of tuberculosis can infect whole families. No one is immune. The only sure escape is to stamp out the dread disease entirely. It can be stamped out. The organized work of the tuberculosis crusade has already cut the tuberculosis death rate in half. This work is financed by the sale of Christmas Seals.

Everybody is helped by this great work—and everybody should help in it. Let every member of your family stamp all Christmas parcels, letters and greeting cards with these able little warriors against disease. Everybody, everywhere, buy Christmas Seals—and buy as many as you can.



Stamp Out Tuberculosis with this Christmas Seal

THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE U. S.



# A Wreath of Poison Ivy

(Continued from page 8)

guided effort to bolster up morale, had forgotten the proprieties so far as to use for post purposes all of the money taken in—quite overlooking the fact that half of the money belonged to state and national headquarters. So we owed department headquarters a good deal of money—a good deal for a post the size of ours.

The money had been spent principally for fixing up the rented clubrooms of the post. These rooms were just naturally unattractive; it would have required a skilled interior decorator and several thousand dollars to fix them up to anything approaching hominess. All told, what with the department headquarters cash that had been spent on this job and the bills that had been incurred for the same purpose and not yet paid, the deficit chargeable to the clubrooms was between \$350 and \$400.

**B**UT this wasn't the only deficit we had inherited from the previous mismanagement of post affairs. There were bills from as far back as 1919 and 1920—bills which had been overlooked in the days of prosperity and which had been too much for the little bank account in the lean days since. Things were certainly in a mess.

About the first business transacted after I became commander was to cut down our meetings from weekly to twice a month. The next step, immediately after that motion was passed, came when I asked the membership whether they thought our present meeting place a suitable clubroom. Unanimously they declared it was not.

So at this very meeting we decided to abandon the place just as soon as we could and hold meetings in a public building which we could have the use of free. It wasn't a good clubroom, either, but it was just about as good as the old place—and it didn't cost us rent. We appointed one member of the post, a good business man, to dispose of the furniture—and when he had sold it off and applied the proceeds to existing furniture bills against the post, we owed less than \$50 on this account. That was about \$150 better off than we had been before.

Presently—I think it must have been within two more days—I discovered that the post had neither an executive committee nor a set of by-laws which could be found. There had been by-laws, but what had become of them is one of life's unsolved mysteries.

So at the next meeting we had the necessary legislation passed and got a committee functioning on the job of drawing up a set of by-laws. Next meeting the new by-laws were adopted.

They provided for an executive committee. Among other things, this executive committee was given complete jurisdiction over the post's funds. To it were appointed five solid citizens whose judgment and financial standing are above reproach. And it began to function at once.

The executive committee and the new commander talked it over and decided that an officer either had to function or quit. The vice-commander had not paid his dues and was not very ener-

getic. So he was asked which he wanted to do, work or quit. He hemmed and hawed a while but finally asked to be relieved. The same thing happened with one or two other officers who were sound asleep on their jobs. Only two of the post's whole set of officers were on the job already enough so that they did not have to be asked point-blank which they preferred.

So we replaced all of the deadwood and got new officers. Then the idea was advanced that we ought to be meeting in a better place than our new hall—so we arranged to rent an attractive small hall at a comparatively low rental and to hold our meetings there.

Meanwhile we held a revenue-producing dance which helped our finances a little. The executive committee, any member of which was individually good for a lot more than the post's whole indebtedness, signed a note at the bank, and with this money we paid the most urgent of the outstanding bills.

Then we started a membership committee functioning. It was hard pulling. Everybody had some good reason or other why he would not join; many of these stubborn prospects had belonged to the post at one time and quit. I had expected we would get a good big increase in membership just by going out and asking people to join, but it didn't work that way.

One thing that had got the post in wrong with the town was that, in the face of a very strong opposition to boxing by the leading people—ours is a strait-laced churchly community—it had been putting on boxing shows for revenue. These bouts in general lost money for the post, which should have proved to the advocates of boxing that this is not a boxing town. But they kept running along, behind their bills, and hoping for a change to pull them out of the hole.

The steady drain alienated the sympathy of those members of the post who were of the most conservative type—the type of service man every post has to have if it is going to hold the respect of the influential people of its town.

**T**HEN the post had developed into a first-rate gambling outfit. The post meetings were accomplishing nothing much; they weren't interesting to most of the members, either as amusement or as duty. So the only members who were attracted to the meetings were the gambling boys, who hustled through meetings in order to get to the poker games and spotted bones.

I have seen just enough of different Legion posts to know that the one sure poison for any post is gambling. It drives away the better element, draws the worst, and brings out the people who want to slight post activities in order to get a run for their money on the table or on the floor. Never have I seen a post where gambling was allowed that didn't go to pot sooner or later for it.

Personally I like a game of cards. I don't care much for the dominoes, but probably that is just because I have poor taste. It seems to me, however, that the Legion hall is not the place

for gambling. Just how we worked it out is, I think, rather interesting.

It was brought home to me with a bang at one of the earlier meetings after I became commander. A man, talking to another comrade before meeting, pulled out a sizable roll of bills. "I suppose I'll lose all that before I go home tonight," he remarked with the air of a bold, bad man bragging how bad he is.

So, invoking a clause of the by-laws which gives the commander rather broad powers in acting "for the good of the post," I issued an order from the chair that thereafter there would be no gambling. "If you want to gamble here, then you can elect another commander," I told them. "This post has a bad reputation in town because of this, and it isn't wholesome for any Legionnaire to come to meeting figuring he'll lose a roll. I won't be the head of an outfit where that goes on." And it stopped—an abuse usually halts in one-two time if someone just gives the command. Besides, the better element of the town was rapidly replacing the bet-a-million boys in the post. A little later we modified our rule to permit card games, with all games over by midnight.

**S**OON the service women of the town began to hear that the post was getting to be a fit place for a woman. One or two of them decided to join and see; they reported to their friends that the rumor was well-grounded, and soon most of the nurses and yeomanettes joined us. That made me feel good; when the women get to pulling for an organization which has hitherto had a questionable reputation that outfit is on the way to making good.

The post's records were in awful shape. Actually, you couldn't tell who had paid dues, what had become of the money, or who had authorized paying out what little there was trace of. We sent to National Headquarters for a set of standard post accounts and put them into use. The adjutant and finance officer weren't any too snappy as bookkeepers, but they learned quickly. Now our accounts are in a condition of which we could be proud if we were a public accountants' society instead of a Legion post.

I have mentioned that the executive committee was made responsible for post funds. Also I insisted on a bank account from which no money could be checked except on the finance officer's signature, countersigned by me. I didn't want to cramp the treasurer's style but the head of any organization must know how it stands financially, whether he is running a factory, an orphanage or a Legion post.

Often I have told the members of our post that the little things are what count in Legion work or any other business. I learned in the O. T. C. that the Army didn't want officers with theories on how to win the war—it needed officers who could do squads right. As the little things, like accounting and gambling and all the rest, have been straightened around, the big things of importance have just automatically fixed themselves up.



I studied parliamentary drill, and went out of my way to find meetings where I could watch experts in action. Then I copied them—so that the meetings began running with a snap.

The Manual of Ceremonies had never been used in our post; for that matter, I believe that it has never been used in most posts. But we put it in, stressing the initiation ceremony. After a little practice, it went beautifully. We made every officer learn his part, and we made every new member be initiated even though he was an old member who had lapsed out. We had some work getting the officers to memorize their parts—but national officers of the Legion have told us, within six months, that ours is about the best initiation team they have seen.

Finally we moved our meetings over to a smaller hall in one of the good clubs of our town. It is an attractive hall, and we have learned that it is better showmanship to have a crowded small hall than a large hall in which the meeting rattles around. It makes everybody feel closer together, and it gives the impression that here is an organization which is just crowded by its membership.

Our post membership was good in 1919, the records show. It fell off steadily then, until when I came in in 1924 it was down below a hundred—and ours is a sizable town. Today ours is one of the five largest posts in our department—I'm not giving the exact figures, for I don't want this story to be read by anyone who can trace it back to our post. That might make some hard feelings, since I have had to tell some unpalatable truths to make my points.

I have mentioned some unwise outside activities the post had indulged in. There were others: a raffle of an automobile, draping the prize with post and national colors; endorsing solicitations for a percentage of the receipts; street carnivals of a rowdy sort; there's no use enumerating them all. Every one hurt the post, even though it brought in money.

We have stopped all that. We won't endorse anyone, if he wants to sell anything, no matter how good, on the strength of our endorsement. We won't sponsor anything that would not pass the town's council of clergymen. We are hard-boiled about these things.

How about results of all this? Well, we are out of debt—by legitimate means, money all raised on value-received enterprises. We have no surplus, but we'll get it, for our morale is right. The boys are talking about a

**D**ON'T let your Christmas spirit get the best of your good judgment. The skin game flourishes around Christmas better than at any other season of the year. Now is the time to be on the lookout for shyster subscription agents for "veteran" magazines. Remember, too, that The American Legion Weekly itself employs no agents, and that anyone representing himself as a Weekly subscription agent is, by that statement alone, a faker. The Weekly will be grateful for any information supplied by readers regarding activities of any of these bogus agents.



## \$500 REWARD

### Can You Find The Twins?

Here's a Brand New Puzzle. There are eighteen girls pictured here. TWO, and only two of them are alike in every way. They are exact duplicates. See if you can find them. To be sure they all look alike, but examine them closer. You will see that almost every one differs in some way from all the others. In some the difference may be in the dark or light band on the brim of the hat, or the trimming on the collar. Or, some may wear necklaces or ear-rings or both. Only two are exactly alike. No, it's not as easy as it looks. You must search carefully.

**SEND NO MONEY—COSTS NOTHING TO TRY**

**FIND THE TWINS**—that's all you have to do. No list of words to write. No money to send in; nothing to sell. It's all FREE. Cut out the TWINS and send your answer as soon as possible. First Prize \$500. 2nd prize \$200, etc. There will be 100 prizes in all, and in addition valuable GIFT BONDS WILL ALSO BE GIVEN. Answers must be mailed by March 31, 1926. Duplicate prizes, in case of ties. In awarding the prizes, the judges will take into consideration, neatness, style, handwriting, etc.

**THE NEVERMAN CO.** 612 Ryan Bldg. Dept. 25.  
ST. PAUL MINN.

## Sell our \$25

### Tailored All-wool suits

Million dollar tailoring house. Special made-to-measure all wool suits retail \$25. Big profits. 6 day delivery. United States Fidelity and Guaranty Bond of satisfaction or money refunded back of every suit. Experience unnecessary. Exclusive territory to capable salesmen. Outfits free. Write at once for new spring line.

**HOMELAND TAILORING CO., Inc.**  
13 to 27 W. Fayette St., Dept. 4, Baltimore, Md.

## Stop COUGHING!



Use a real remedy—not a candy—Brown's Bronchial Troches. Quickly relieves Coughs, Hoarseness, Throat Irritations, and Loss of Voice. Singers and Public Speakers have used them for over 75 years.

At All Druggists—In 4 Size Packages

Send 15c for sample package to  
**JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.**  
Sole Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.  
New York      Toronto      London

# AGAIN AVAILABLE!

## Complete HISTORY of the 82nd Division

## All American



Official History of the 82nd Division written by the Commanding Officers of the Regiment. Well illustrated—310 pages, contains Divisional orders, maps, citations and statistics.

Well bound in red buckram. Price \$3.00.

**THE LEGION BOOK SERVICE**  
**THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY**  
Indianapolis, Indiana



# STOP GROPING IN THE DARK

Be Yourself—Get  
Into Your Stride—  
MAKE GOOD!



Mark with an "X" position or positions you'd like. Write your name at bottom. Cut this ad out and mail to us AT ONCE.

( ) Postmaster	( ) Special Agent
( ) P. O. Clerk	( ) (Investigator)
( ) Watchman	( ) Forest Ranger
( ) Typist	( ) Steno-Typist
( ) Seamstress	( ) U. S. Border Patrol
( ) File Clerk	( ) City Mail Carrier
( ) RFD Carrier	( ) Railway Mail Clerk
( ) Secretary	( ) Auditor-Bookkeeper
( ) Gen. Clerk	( ) Skilled Labor
( ) Matron	( ) Immigrant Inspector
( ) Chauffeur	( ) Meat Inspector

Mr. Ozment, Dept. 110, St. Louis, Mo.

Send me particulars about Gov't Positions open to men—women, 18 to 65, paying \$1400-\$4500 yearly; also locations, opportunities and how to qualify.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

## FAMOUS "COAST TO COAST" MIRACO GUARANTEED RADIO'S-FACTORY PRICES SAVE 1/3 TO 1/2

Users everywhere report Miraco Radios get programs coast to coast on loud speaker; outperform sets three times as costly. Many hear foreign countries. Radio's most amazing values in guaranteed factory-built, factory-tested long distance sets—lot testimonials of users convince you.

Powerful New Multi-tube Miraco gets long distance on loud speaker. Set, ONLY \$27.35 retail.

FREE! Literature on latest improved 1 to 6 tube models, new low prices, testimonials of users and SPECIAL OFFER. Write: **MIDWEST RADIO CORP'N**, Pioneer Builders of Sets, 484-C E. 8th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS DEALERS Write!

Formerly Sold For **\$5.00** **GENUINE GUARANTEED**

# GILLETTE

Now Only **50¢** **POST PAID**

**SAFETY RAZOR**

A regular genuine man's size Gillette—same model as formerly sold for \$5. A gift any man will appreciate. Your money back if not satisfied.

Send for your razor today. Stamps or currency accepted. Act promptly because our supply is limited. **ARNOLD ALLEN COMPANY**, 1472 Broadway, New York City

## PATENTS

As one of the oldest patent firms in America we give inventors at lowest consistent charge, a service noted for results, evidenced by many well known Patents of extraordinary value. Book, Patent-Sense, free.

Lacey & Lacey, 643 F St., Wash., D. C.  
Estab. 1869  
Numerous Legionnaire References

## The Best Plays of 1924-1925

This 640-page, photographically illustrated volume, prepared by New York's famous dramatic critic, Burns Mantle, deals with what, in his expert opinion, are the TEN BEST PLAYS of the recent dramatic season. The action, cast, length of run and general success of "What Price Glory?"—They Knew What They Wanted—The Youngest—Mrs. Partridge Presents—Minick—Desire Under The Elms—Dancing Mothers—The Firebrand—Wild Birds—and The Fall Guy is sufficiently detailed to give the reader a thorough knowledge of each play. If you can't SEE the latest plays—READ about them! Price, postpaid \$3.00.

THE LEGION BOOK SERVICE  
THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY  
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

home of our own; we can build it when we drive for it. We have received department recognition for our activity and national recognition for our country's showing on the Endowment Fund. I could go on all day reciting benefits from our program and policies—but they all point the same moral.

I honestly believe—and I have a wide experience in the Legion—that ours is

## What's the Matter with Boxing?

(Continued from page 7)

tests against the verdicts and to him they seemed to contain a note of menace. He told a recent interviewer that it would be an excellent idea to suspend decisions.

The decisionless bout has never been regarded by promoters as equal to the decision affair in drawing power. That Rickard should urge such a change is clear indication of the state of affairs. Rickard's status as director of the new Madison Square Garden in New York gives him a decided interest in the future of boxing.

All the bad decisions are not necessarily crooked. Plain incompetence will account for many of the mistakes that rouse the ire of the customers. No two men see the same things in a bout, though they sit side by side. Moreover, men who are not trained observers are too often allowed to serve as judges.

In many a contest between well-matched boxers there is no clear margin of superiority for either man. Unwilling to take the handy refuge of a draw decision, the officials may render the best verdict they can, and somebody's backers are bound to emit loud and piercing squawks.

How frequently the sure-thing gamblers are able to reach boxing officials is a question that all the prosecuting attorneys in the land will never be able to answer. Honest difference of opinion is always possible, for decisions on most limited-round bouts cannot, in the nature of the sport, be wholly conclusive. Nevertheless, the following experience is being repeated many times in many fight clubs right now:

Before the show starts a troupe of gamblers is seen in action around the lobbies and entrances. These sure-thing men are eager to bet on Kid Ruffaus, say, who meets Battling McMurder in the main bout. They succeed in placing many bets on the Kid. During the fight the Ruffaus entry has rather a sorry time of it. He is on his feet at the end and has landed a punch now and then, but very plainly the Battling One has had the better of the fighting. But Kid Ruffaus is awarded the decision, and the gamblers collect. What wonder that the harder heads of boxing's little hard-boiled world are asking how long the game will stand up?

The writer would not, incidentally, have this piece regarded as a plea for the rights of persons who wish to wager on boxing bouts. The fellow who bets on a fight is entitled to all that he can get, which is usually the worst of it. But if boxing is worth while having, and there seems to be a decided opinion to that effect, then it is worth having clean.

Aside from the inroads of the sure-thing hijackers, there are other threat-

today one of the best posts in the whole organization. Fourteen months ago I think it was close to the worst; certainly it was the worst I had ever seen.

And no one individual is entitled to the credit. It is simply that the post was supplied with a sound set of policies, by which it worked itself up to the high place in the community to which any well-run Legion Post is entitled.

ening indications, of which the unwillingness of champions to risk their titles in the ring is foremost. The arch offender in this respect is, of course, that ornament of the silver screen, William Harrison Dempsey. Matters have reached such a pass that most grown-ups—including this writer—do not care two whoops whether Mr. Dempsey ever fights again. But should he, or any of the other inactive champions, actually engage to take on a real contender, the customers will perk up again and demand ringside seats. They should, of course, punish the laggards by remaining away from their fights forever and ever, but they won't.

Certain critics affect to see in the huge earnings of boxers a menace to the industry. The fans resent the overweening prosperity of their favorites, it is alleged. This won't hold water. Your real boxing fan glories in the incomes of the top-notchers. He likes to see his heroes able to keep the wolf from the door and the Rolls-Royce in repair.

Secure from financial proddings, the boxer may not have the motive for scrapping so busily. But this will take care of itself in time, for there are always sturdy but penniless lads coming up from the rougher districts around the gas tanks and beyond the railroad tracks. These striving ones, until they themselves become non-combatant financiers, can be relied on to keep the business flourishing and the customers amused.

No such thoughtful piece of writing as this one should close without striking at least one constructive note.

"What," it may be asked, "can the paying patrons of boxing do about the sorry state of their favored amusement?"

Well, they can stay home nights and fuss with the radio. This may kill boxing, but be not needlessly alarmed. If the game of gloves and knuckles is now preparing for one of its periodical trips to the undertaker, don't fret. The game will come back. It always has.

## OUTFIT REUNIONS

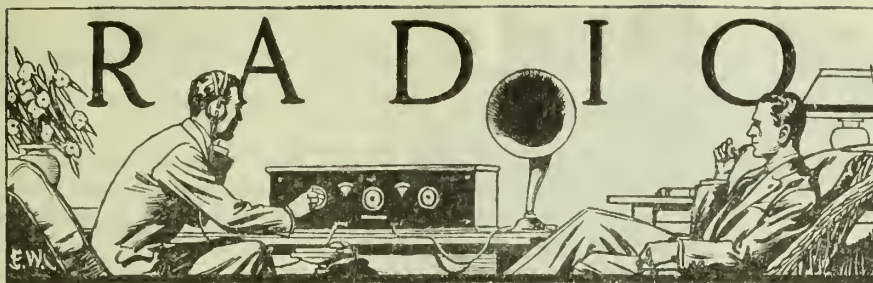
Announcements for this department must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

M. G. Co., 138TH INF.—Annual reunion at Claridge Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 19. Dinner at 6:30 p. m. Address A. A. Poss, 117 So. Eleventh St., St. Louis.

BASE HOSP. 13—Annual reunion at University Club, Chicago, Ill., 6 p. m., Jan. 15. Address Clyde A. Ryan, Secy., Room 1248, 29 So. La Salle St., Chicago.

FR. ST. MENGE CANDIDATE SCHOOL—Members of the second class at Engineers' candidate school interested in proposed reunion during Philadelphia Exposition in 1926, address George W. Kuhlman, 810 N. 26th St., Philadelphia.





**T**HE radio receiving equipment presented to the disabled veteran patients in Station Hospital, Fort Sam Houston, Texas, by the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly is now in operation. This is the first installation made by the present Board of Trustees to reach completion. Past Commander John K. Weber, who, representing Alamo Post of San Antonio, Texas, acted as liaison agent for the trustees of the Fund, reports that on Monday night, November 23d, the disabled comrades enjoyed their first program and listened with delight to an acknowledgment from Station WCAR of San Antonio of a message sent for them by Major John W. Sherwood, executive officer of the hospital.

The receiving equipment with its 800 head phones which serve the bed patients and six loud speakers which are placed in recreation rooms was installed by a force of men from the Second Signal Company, Second Division, under the direction of Technical Sergeant E. C. Smith. Sergeant Smith had the pleasure of tuning in the first program picked up and also picked up programs from other stations scattered over the country, including Stations KFKX, Hastings, Nebraska, and WHO, Des Moines, Iowa.

Station WCAR of San Antonio dedicated its program of Wednesday night, November 25th, to the patients in Fort Sam Houston Hospital, the newest members of its family of listeners. The program on that night was given by the Brackenridge High School Glee Club, composed of fifty girl students.

**C**OMRADE H. C. HINKEL of York (Pennsylvania) Post advises that he picked up the Armistice program broadcast from Station WSMB (New Orleans). This is the second acknowledgment of this program to be received by this department, the other coming from a Legionnaire of Smith Center, Kansas. How many Legionnaires listened in on the Armistice programs broadcast by Warren Townsend Post of Hot Springs, Arkansas, and Oakland (California) Post from Stations KTHS and KLX, respectively?

**E**MULATING the example set by the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund, which is now being administered by The American Legion Weekly, Spokane (Washington) Post has started a small radio fund of its own. Adjutant Thomas G. Ware advises that his post discovered a totally disabled veteran in Spokane who is unable to leave his home during the winter months. This man had read of the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund and asked the assistance of Spokane Post in obtaining a receiving set to while away the long winter days. Reading in the

Weekly that the board of trustees of the Fund was devoting all of its energies to equipping first hospitals where the greatest number of disabled comrades can be reached with radio entertainment, Spokane Post took it upon itself to provide a receiving set.

Securing the co-operation of Station KFPY, Spokane Post took the air on the evening of November 23d. The program broadcast was given by artists all of whom are members of the post with the exception of Miss Dorothy Drew, pianiste. A short announcement was made of the purpose of the post in supplying radio entertainment to the listeners and the unseen audience was invited to call for request numbers, the request to be accompanied by the pledge of a small donation to the post's radio fund. When the hour's program was concluded, pledges totaling fifty-three dollars had been received and a dozen more requests for numbers were in the hands of the post's radio committee.

With the money thus obtained, a member of the post purchased the parts for a receiving set and constructed the set for the disabled comrade.

**T**HE Legion posts of Chicago and Cook County are continuing their daily afternoon programs, excepting Saturday and Sunday, from Station WMAQ, the Chicago Daily News. A different post arranges and broadcasts the program each day, the program being dedicated to one of the thirty-three veterans' hospitals in Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Iowa and Wisconsin which have been equipped with radio receiving apparatus by the Chicago Daily News Soldier Relief Radio Fund, which works in conjunction with the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly. A schedule of the programs for the coming week will be found in the On the Air department (see below).

### ON THE AIR

Brief announcements of radio programs to be broadcast by Legion posts will be published in this department. Notices of proposed programs should be sent to the Weekly at least four weeks in advance of date of broadcasting. Be sure to give the wave length.

SOUTH CHICAGO Post will broadcast a program from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters) December 18 at 2 p. m., Central Time.

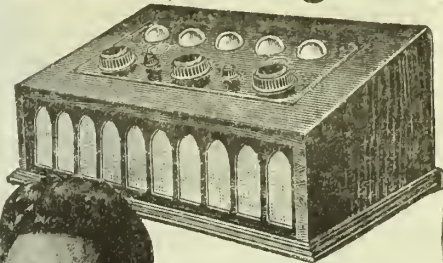
TAYLOR Post, CHICAGO, will broadcast a program from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters) December 21 at 2 p. m., Central Time.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT Post, CHICAGO, will broadcast a program from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters) December 22 at 2 p. m., Central Time.

POLICE Post, CHICAGO, will broadcast a program from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters) December 23 at 2 p. m., Central Time.

DELANO Post, CHICAGO, will broadcast a program from Station WMAQ (447.5 meters) December 24 at 2 p. m., Central Time.

## You Can Make \$100 Weekly Selling Radio



J. Matheson Gail, Pres.

Demonstrate once—results mean sure sales! Sell what everybody wants—radio at low prices. Coast to coast reception—"4 and 5-tube instruments."

### 12 Selling FREE! Lessons

Establish a business of your own. Start in spare time—evenings. Sales course in 12 lessons and 10 radio service lessons teach you everything.

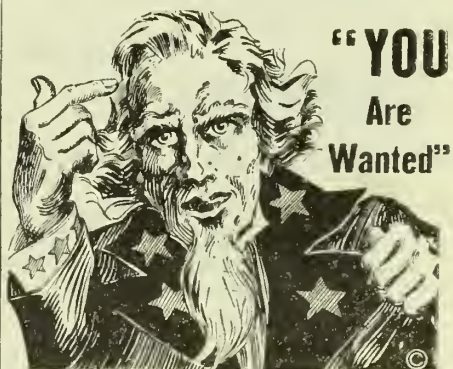
### 3100 Men Are Now Doing It!

Success with over 3,100 men proves merit of our proposition. \$100 weekly not unusual—many Ozarka men make more in spare time!

**Free Book!** Write me personally—tell me about yourself. I'll see that my 64-page book, Ozarka plan No. 100, is sent you without cost. Please mention the name of your county. Mail the coupon!

**OZARKA** 122 Austin Avenue L. Chicago, Illinois  
Gentlemen: 10-25-122 L  
I am greatly interested in the FREE BOOK "The Ozarka Plan" whereby I can sell your radio instruments.  
Name.....  
Address.....City.....  
County.....State.....

**I Make \$25.00 per day writes D.C. Beckham**  
**FREE SAMPLES**  
Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for Large Manufacturer Direct to wearer. No capital or experience needed. Many earn \$100.00 weekly and bonus. Write for Free Samples.  
MADISON SHIRT MILLS, 564 Broadway, New York



## U.S. Government Jobs \$1140 to \$3300 YEAR STEADY WORK

No Layoffs  
Paid Vacations  
Common education sufficient.  
Ex-Service Men get preference.  
Mail coupon today—SURE.  
Name.....  
Address.....  
Franklin Institute Dept. M185 Rochester, N. Y.  
Sirs: Send me, without charge, (1) Information telling how to get a U. S. Government job; (2) List of Government jobs now obtainable; (3) Information regarding preference to ex-service men.



# Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

## The Human Alarm

"Ethel," said Pa, "I think that bashful young feller of yours is out on the porch, tryin' to make a call."

"Why, Pa," exclaimed Ethel, "I didn't hear him ring."

"Neither did I," acknowledged Pa. "But I heard his knees knockin' together."

## The Hospitable Jessie

[From the Medina (Ohio) Sentinel]

Chicken thieves again visited Jessie Hull Saturday evening.

## Mixed Foursomes

"I wish you'd turn out the light," said he.

Said she: "How silly you are;

That isn't a bulb at all you see;

It's the end of my father's cigar."

—J. A. S.

Oh, happy little Skeeter,

With voice like angel's harp,

The only thing you have to do

Is keep your stinger sharp!

—W. H. G. S.

## A Public Charge?

[From Harrisburg (Pa.) News]

Mrs. E—— S—— will spend the winter on Dallas, Texas.

## Where Charity Begins

"Henry," asked the young wife, "are you working on our budget?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then subtract fifty dollars from charity funds for a new dress. I met such a poor widow who makes lovely gowns."

## Money Is Active Here

[Ad in Pine Bluff (Ark.) Commercial]

LOST—A twenty dollar bill between Rosenzweig's and Martini Machinery Co., walked around by depot. Liberal reward.

## Limerix

Prohibition would be a hard blau  
To the oil-drinking old Esquimau.

On one-half percent oil

He never could toil,

With the mercury sixty belau!

—D. D.

A visitor up in St. Claire

Gave all of her suitors the aire.

When some one asked why,

She said with a sy:

"My husband just sent me my faire."

—J. A. S.

There was a young girl from Carlisle,

Who dressed in an old-fashioned stisle;

In her clothing so droll,

She took a short stroll,

And traffic was blocked for a misle.

—C. S. R.

## Right Up to Date

[Weather report in Kansas City Kansan]

Generally fair tonight and Friday, slightly cooler tonight; modern temperatures Friday.

## L'Enfant Terrible—'25 Model

"Father," said the four-year-old, when the old man returned from the office, "I wish you'd speak to your wife. We've had a terrible scene."

## Cannibalism in the West

[From Twin Falls (Idaho) Times]

Mrs. N. H. White presented her husband, "Bugs" White, with a fine eight and

a half pound boy last night about 12:30 and the barbers are planning for a barbecue.

## The Man for the Job

[From the American Funeral Director]

F. H. Sorrow, manager of Southern Funeral Director, has been selected publicity manager for the Alabama and Tennessee Funeral Directors' Association.

## The Way of a Maid

Capper: "You really look sweet enough to eat."

Flapper: "Check! Let's get some noodles."

## Bleached

[Ad in Omaha World-Herald]

EX-COLORED chauffeur and butler would like job in private family.

## Roundabout

"Why did you employ such a poor lawyer?" asked Littrell. "I don't believe he ever did win a case."

"I know it," agreed Kummel, "but I want to win the sympathy of the jury."

## Write Your Own Head

[From Raymond (Wash.) Herald]

Both girls riding in the machine which overturned were injured. Miss L—— was cut about the face and hands and Miss S—— in the back seat.

## Variation No. 26,884

"Why did you name your little boy Prescription?" Mrs. Naylor asked her colored cook.

"Cause," was the answer, "Ah has sech a time gittin' him filled."

## Should Have Counted Ten First

[Ad in Philadelphia Inquirer]

ENGINEER wants position Keystone grader, concrete mixer, roller. Threw Shovel.

## Interested

Mae: "I went to a fortune teller yesterday. She told me where I could find my future husband."

Rae: "Let me have her address, dearie. Perhaps she'll be able to tell me where I can find my present one."

## Sheer Nudity

My dear, I am not startled

By what you do not wear,

By lipsticks, eyebrow pencils,

By bobbed and hennaed hair.

There's little on your body;

In that I deem you kind,

But, girlie, this disgusts me—

There's nothing on your mind!

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

## Specialization of Industry

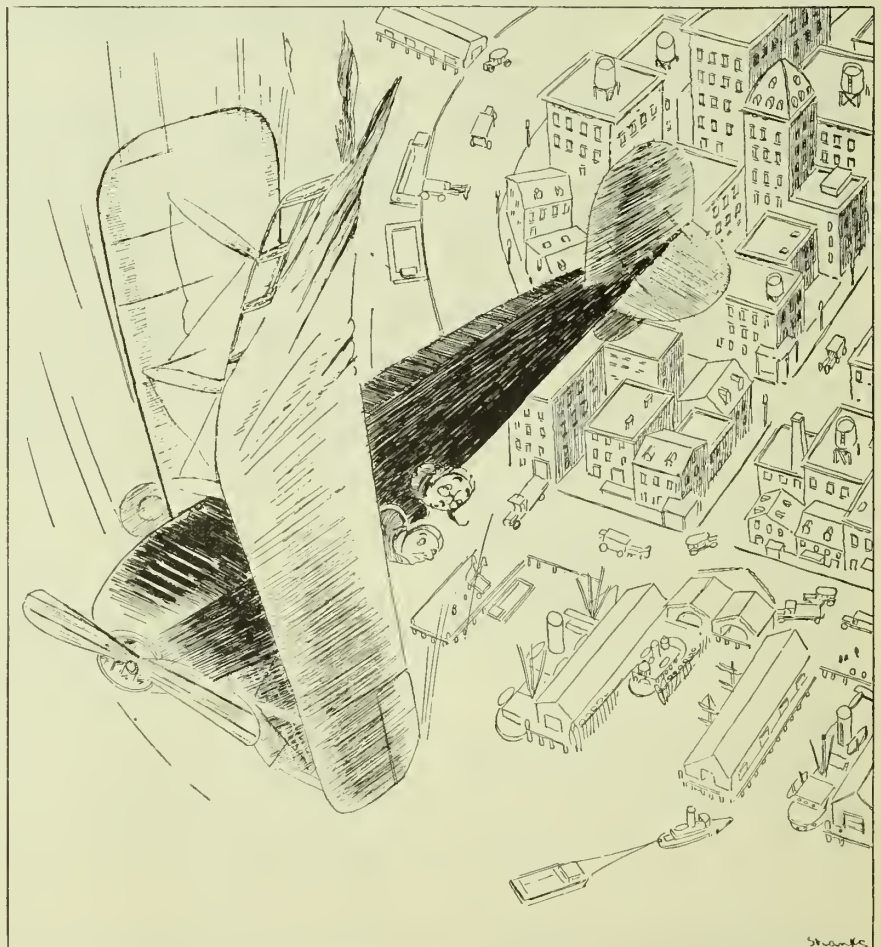
[Ad in Wisconsin State Journal]

WANTED parties that need pickles to ring.

## Another Printer Leaves Town

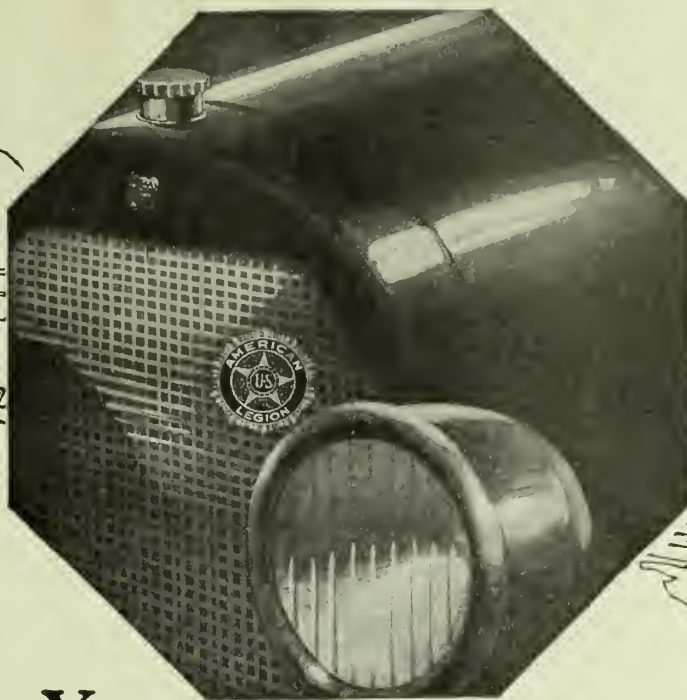
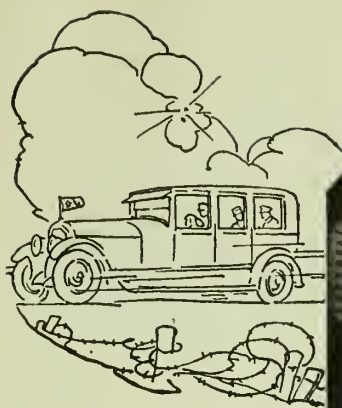
[From Portland (Ore.) Journal]

Eleanor T. MacMillan, president of the society, presided and made several bright and sappy introductory talks.



Nervous passenger to pilot of falling plane: "Can't you make it drop on the land? I always have a fearful cold when I get my feet wet."



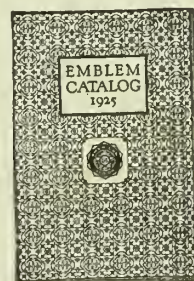


## \$1 Brings You This Beautiful Radiator Emblem!

**T**HE General's insignia on Pershing's automobile identified him as the Commander-in-chief of the A. E. F. There is an insignia for your automobile that will identify you — an emblem that will stamp you as a patriotic American who served in the World War.

The American Legion automobile insignia is beautifully enameled in colors and equipped with a bolt and lock nut for fastening thru the radiator. It can be attached in an instant. No Legionnaire's car is completely equipped without one!

A \$1.00 bill brings it.



----- FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL NOW -----

THE AMERICAN LEGION, EMBLEM DIVISION, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is a one dollar bill for which you will send me post paid one American Legion automobile insignia. It is understood if I am not satisfied my money will be refunded if the decoration is promptly returned.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

I belong to Post No. \_\_\_\_\_



Railway Postal Clerks  
Earn \$1900 to \$2700  
a Year

# It's Time To Quit Worrying About Your Job

Let Me  
Send You My New  
48-Page Book — **FREE**



## PROOF!

Read what a few of  
my students say

Appointed. Recommends Course  
to Others

I take pleasure in advising you that I have received an appointment as Carrier. I stood third highest, due to your excellent coaching.

I can hardly say too much in referring to your school, as my enrollment with you proved to be the very best thing I ever did. Several persons have asked me how I received my high standing, and I just referred them to you. Some of them have the intention of taking a course next year, and if there is any possible way, I shall have them enrolled in your school.  
F. G.,  
420 Neill Street, Sandusky, Ohio.

Appointed to Minneapolis Post  
Office

Having taken your course of instruction, I took the Civil Service examination for P. O. Carrier in October. In April, I was informed of my rating and was appointed Carrier on July 1. I am certain without your instructions I would have been unable to pass. In the future if I can turn any business your way it will certainly be my pleasure to do so.  
C. T. S.,  
1707 4th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

No. 2 On List. Appointed  
I stood second on the list in this district and received IMMEDIATE APPOINTMENT.

I wish to express my appreciation of the treatment received at your hands. The instructions received from you were a wonderful help, and I can truthfully say that your course is so thorough that anyone who learns your lessons is absolutely sure of making a high grade on the examination.

I shall recommend your School whenever I have an opportunity and if anyone has any doubt as to your methods of instruction, refer them to me.

R. B., Freeport, N. Y.

Heads List—Now Postmaster  
Have just received my appointment to this office. My rating was the highest and there were nine applicants.

Your Course could not be improved on as your papers were identical with our examination. I do not hesitate to recommend most highly your course of instruction, and you can use my name if you wish.

With very many thanks, and many good wishes for your further success, I am,  
L. C. J., Lincoln, Ala.

Highest of Entire Class—Appointed

I made the best grade out of fourteen who tried for this route: in two subjects, Arithmetic and Reading Addresses, I made a grade of 100.

I will speak a good word for your School whenever I can and will be glad to answer letters of inquiry at any time.  
H. N. F., Decatur, Ark.

**H**OW much **ADVANCEMENT** is there in your present job? Are you sure that you will earn \$2,700 or more in a few years from now? Are you sure that personal prejudice or the boss's relatives won't keep you from advancing as fast as you deserve? Are you sure that strikes won't find you in the street looking for another position? Are you *sure* and *safe* and *satisfied* with your present job?

My 48-page Free book tells you some amazing things about United States Civil Service Positions. It describes a number of splendid, steady, good-paying jobs. You can take your choice. These jobs give you advancement every year—instead of just promising it. They pay more to start than most similar jobs with private concerns. You can't lose them through personal prejudice or strikes or religious reasons for you are just as good as the next man in Uncle Sam's eyes. The work is easy and delightful with short hours, liberal vacations and sick leave. Almost all of the jobs even pay pensions.

## I Guarantee to Prepare You Successfully For Your Choice of These Jobs!

**Railway Postal Clerk**  
\$1900 to \$2700 a year. Extra travel pay. Up to 15 days' vacation and up to 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay.

**Post Office Clerk**  
\$1700 to \$2100 a year. Special clerks at \$2200 and \$2300. Up to 15 days' vacation and up to 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Advancement to better paid positions.

**City Mail Carrier**  
\$1700 to \$2100 a year. Up to 15 days' vacation and up to 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Advancement to better paid positions.

**Postmaster**  
\$1200 to \$2500 a year and up. This is a position of great importance. In small towns a position that can be made very profitable.

**Internal Revenue Positions**  
\$1140, \$1680 to \$3000 and up a year. Up to 30 days' vacation and up to 30 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Positions nearly everywhere. Advancement to better paid positions.

**Departmental Clerk**  
\$1140 to \$1500 a year and up to \$2700. Up to 30 days' vacation and up to 30 days' sick leave every year with full pay.

**R. F. D. Mail Carrier**  
\$1800 plus \$12.24 per mile a year. Pay of Rural Mail Carriers, it is estimated, will run from \$2090 to \$2300 a year. Up to 15 days' vacation and up to 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Fine position for men in rural districts.

**Custom House Positions**  
\$1140, \$1680 to \$3000 and up a year. Up to 30 days' vacation and up to 30 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Positions nearly everywhere. Advancement to better paid positions.

## Just Send Me Your Name

I'll train you for the job YOU want. That's my business. For eight years I was a member and, part of that time, a secretary of the Board of Examiners in the Second Civil Service District. I have been successful in helping thousands of men and women to get these splendid positions because I knew exactly the kind of training they needed. I know the kind of training you need, and I will coach you so thoroughly in your spare time at home that you will stand right near the top of your class and therefore be eligible for one of the first positions open. Just send me your name and address on this coupon and I will send you my 48-page Free book telling you how to live in security and comfort for the rest of your life. Mail the coupon now!

Arthur R. Patterson, Principal  
PATTERSON CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL  
R-6312 Wisner Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

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CIVIL SERVICE  
SCHOOL,  
Dept. R-6312 Wisner  
Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me your big free book and tell me how you train me to secure a position with the U. S. Government paying me \$1900 to \$2700 a year, with excellent chance for rapid advancement. This request places me under no obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_